

She Became the Most Popular



The Richest Man in Paris Married



Success, Wealth, Adulation in the Greatest Degree Were Hers.



At the Height of Her Success Came Her Mysterious Death.



And Last Her Tomb It Strangely



What Mappened in Beautiful Lantelme's HE death of Mile, Lucie Lan-

telme, the most beautiful woman of Paris was the most cordinary tragedy that has exthis city in many years. The dation of her gave, which has foled it, is even more extraordinary ad shocking

And other strange things are yet to

The dead actress was buried in a splenvault in the Pere La Chalse Cemetery. is vault was broken into by robbers ing the night.

In order to enter the vault the ghouls compelled to tear out iron bars and k glass windows. There were many of chisels and wrenches on the avy lead covering of the coffin. It was intelme's jewels had been buried with These were the prizes sought by

grave robbers When the police reached the scene of outrage they first disinfected the thteen feet high by fifteen feet square, Mile Vermelle, a friend of the dead oman, was called to identify the jewels. Lantelme's husband, M. Alfred barles Edwards, was prevented

serious iliness from being ent. He made a statement, wever, that his wife's jewels and been buried with her under nillow beneath her head. The jewels were all found unsuched in the coffin. Why had the thieves not taken them? cially for her, and in it she made a great popular success than she had ever enjoyed be-

At the very height of her brief life of luxury and idola-try, the poor little beauty's life was snuffed out. She had been making a trip up the romantic Rhine, in her husband's yacht, with a merry party of friends. After a Summer evening spent in song and con-viviality. Mile. Lantelme re-tired for the night. Within a few minutes she went overboard into the Rhine and was drowned.

Her death was full of mys-ery. No one could discover reason for suicide. why should a person fall over-board from a large yacht into a perfectly calm river?



The Last Inexplicable Tragedy of the French Beauty Whose Death Is Still One of the Mysteries of Paris

> reply, and I called louder, shouting, indeed, for my voice was raised so high that our guests came from the adjoining cabins
> "The worst I supposed was that my wife had awooned. The dressing room door was forced open by a shoulder blow. The room was empty, and the window was open. I cannot describe our feelings or give you any precise particulars. I was dazed, stunned.

> "It was then about 1 o'clock in the morning of July 25. Search was made in the river, but it was not until two days later that my poor wife's body was found.

the official investigation. When this was concluded the permit of burial was given and my wife was conveyed to Paris, where she lies in the vault where my mother is. Excepting when i am too ill—as after the automobile accident in August, when three of my ribs were broken-I go to her grave in the Pere La Chaise Cemetery every day.

"I should tell you that at the time the nervous collapse that I could not be told what had really happened and what ex-actly were the various measures taken. When the reporters from Paris arrived I was still unable to receive visits, a fact



The Wistful Eyes of Lantelme.

While peering about this vicinity the investigators found heavy splashes of blood on the ground. Similar splashes were found all the way from the coffin up to the

entrance to the graveyard. It has been conjectured that the thieves quarrelled over the coffin and fought one But why did they love it with knives. all run away? Why did not the victor or victors stay and finish the work of rob-What happened in beautiful Lan-

telme's tomb? dead woman was literally the spoiled darling of Paris. She was born the daughter of a Parisian concierge, or

fanitor, of Polish origin. The girl's original name was Misia Godebska.

As a mere child she won a tremendous success on the Paris stage through her basuty. The beauty. She was a marvel of charm and

daintiness. Probably her greatest beauty lay in her great big soulful sorrowful eyes. Within a few years she married Alfred Charles Edwards, a newspaper proprietor and one of the greatest millionaires in Paris. The jewels and dresses he showered upon her were the wonder and talk of the upon her were the wender and talk of the

She had an exquisite house, horses, automobiles, yachts, rivers of diamonds-almost everything that a woman could de-sire. She was always the centre of an admiring crewd of actors, artists, men of etters and fashionable Parisians, husband seemed to have no object in life

but to make her happy.

She continued on the stage for the sake of displaying her beauty, jewels and dresses, rather than for the large income it brought her. Her last it brought her. Her last appearance was made in "La Gamire," a play created espe-

The most extraordinary reports concern ing her husband's relations with her were circulated in Paris. He added to the mys-tery by refusing to make any explanation to newspapers. He thus made himself an object of attack by some small, disreputa-ble sheets. It is even now reported that he was planning to marry another famous of the Paris stage.

M. Edwards has given to this news-paper the first statement he has made concerning his wife's death. This state-ment shows that M. Edwards's own experiences form not the least tragic part

of this tragic affair. "As the circumstances of my wife's death are now a matter for deliberation by judges in France, you will understand that I am much restricted in what I say,"

that I am much restricted in what I say, began M. Edwards.

"For reasons unknown to me I have been accused in a paper entitled La Depuche Parlementaire, of having deliberately caused the death of my wife—in other words, of being her murderer.

"Not in defense of myself, but on account of the reflections cast upon her memory, I have lodged suit for siander against the persons responsible for those libelious statements. According to the procedure followed in France, I demand damages to the smouth of I franc (20 cents American money), as compensation cents American money), as compensation for the harm caused me by my defamers. The Court has authority to punit; the offenders by other means, should the three

Judges so decide. Judges so decide.
"It seems incredible that a husband mourning the loss of such a jewel of a wife as was mine should be pursued by slander like that I have faced. Just think

of it, I am accused of having killed her, and am given the alternative of deciding if it was because she tried to shoot me or befaithless.

There is a fatality governing human actions that none of us can define. That is why I still fall to grasp the full meaning of the loss which has befallen me.
"You know when and where the greatest tragedy of my life occurred. It was on my yacht—a transformed houseboat—in mid-Rhine. In my twenty years' experience of river vachting I had never before stopped in mid-stream, but always on the river side, and always in close proximity to a hamlet, village or town. But on that terrible night, in the oppressing heat which swept throughout Europe, the yacht had anchored near Emmerich. My wife was joyous, mirthful, exuberant. She even danced—not to an orchestra, but to a phonograph we had on board. Our guests on the yacht were all with her in the main saloon throughout the evening. Having some important letters to write, I was seated at my deak all this time and could not join the party.

"It was approaching 1 o'clock in the morning when we retired to our cabin. When I was already reposing my wife went into her dressing room and bolted the door, as was her custom. It was some before I felt any anxiety. But suddenly the apprehension seized me that she

Mile. Lantelme Wearing the \$60,000 Pearl Necklace That Was Buried With Her.

was perhaps ill-had fainted. The heat at that time, you will recollect, was phenome-nally oppressive, and everybody was sufmore or less from it.

Owing to the heat and to the law in Germany, it was impossible to bring her aboard the yacht. A shroud was made of sheets, and in that she remained until the Prussian Procurator-Royal arrived from

Lantelme in the Emerald Necklacs the Grave Robbers Sought.

deeply regret, for it is probable that the wicked statements that have since been made would never have appeared. If the

made would never have appeared. If the papers had received adequate reports at the time of the tragedy.

"Everybody who knew us can say how devold of truth is the allegation of dissensions between myself and my wife. We were practically always together, and her restricted death has made life a burden

untimely death has made life a burden which is hard for me to bear." Paris cannot believe that the mysteries that have surrounded Mile. Lantelme alive and dead are ended. They look aoon for a greater and more tragic mys-

tery than any that has gone before.

## FRANCE THE WOMEN By P. N. Chilot

Perhaps there are not very many, even in France, who have noticed the important part woman has played in France during the last forty years. We have been too much taken up with our vain agitations, our sterile quarrels, to pay any attention to the immense work done by our women toward the moral reconstruction of our beloved moral reconstruction of our beloved

Nothing, however, has been more ef-Nothing, however, has been more effective to open our eyes to the work of our women than the exceedingly grave crisis we have just passed. Everywhere we are now told that the whole people during this crisis behaved in the most admirable manner. Our patriotism in face of the imminent national danger was indeed admirable, but if this is so it is because behind the men who were tearing down were our women who were tearing down were our women who were just as busy building up. They built the French city on heights so lofty that the fratricidal clamors of the day that the fratricidal clamors of the day did not reach them, on heights where nobody listened to the irresponsible agitators or the intolerable sophists. With eager hands our women built the immense city which would receive in time of danger with open arms the whole great French family. If we were able to write during last July that the youth of France had triumphantly destroyed the bastile of skepticism and fear, the honor is due solely to the women of France. It was the women of France who strengthened its arms and steeled its heart, for love of country begins in the family and the juture of the children is the work of the mothers, as the great Napoleon said. Woman carries in her frail arms the character of the people, the destinies of the nation. The present generation which is so strong now and which promises so well for the future, we owe to our mothers, our sisters and our daughters.

daughters.

The woman of France is fully conscious of the duty which the nation imposes on her, to nourish the flame and spirit of patriotism in the bosom of her children. No obligation could be more honorable than this, and every woman of France will realize the extent of her power and the measure of gratitude when she reads these words which Abbe Wetterle said about the woman of Alsace: "She is the principal obstacle in the way of Germanization, which has failed utterly because of her, Guardian of the faith, the customs and the language of the country, she maintains all

the old traditions. She places on the brows of those who surround her the national imprint, an imprint formed by all the lessons of the past, of all the love and sorrows and sufferings of those who hefore her here.

who before her have worked and suf-fered for our generous soil."

The youth of Alsace bears witness of this today. Are we not united in the same cause on both sides of the frontier? Do we not all love France with the same

"On no conditions accept your par-on," said Wetterle's old mother to

him when he was in prison.

"Children, leave the body of your dead father and look after the light in the lighthouse," said Mmc. Matelot to her two boys.

These two women, with their energy and strength of character are typical of the women of Alsace and France, and while the soil of Alsace and France produces such women we may calmy face the future.

True, in foreign countries the French women are not looked upon in this light. Our dramatists and authors have too often cheapened her virtues, placed her in a false light. We have often when traveling abroad heard her

mentioned as a frivolous, mercenary creature, but there is a resetion, though as yet feeble, coming. Conferenciers are even now traveling all over the world chastening those who have libeled ber, but better than this, the women of France are going to conduct their own defense. The influence of "Le Conseil national des Fenumes Francaises" has already made itself widely felt. Its contact with similar groups in foreign countries has been a revelation to many of these. By their cloquence and brillinney of speech, by their knowledge of special questions and by their national propagands the delegates of this council have made the world discover an absolutely novel Frenchwoman. mentioned as a frivolous, mercenary

Frenchwoman.

In every respect she deserves our admiration, rich or poor, simple-minded or well-educated, she loves France, and this love inerrably points out her duty to her. The day will come when all the sons of France will be able to repeat Pasteur's beautiful words: "Your enthusiasm, my valiant mother, has engendered mine and when I have always associated grandeur of science with grandeur of country, it is because I have always been filled with the sentiment you had inspired in me." Frenchwoman.